As wedged with a sigh would riue in twaine,
Least *Hector* or my father should perceiue mee:
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a scorne)
Buried this sigh in wrincle of a smyle,
But sorrow that is couch't in seeming gladnesse,
Is like that mirth fate turnes to suddaine sadnesse.

Pan: And her haire were not some-what darker then *Hellens*, well go to, there were no more comparison betweene the women! but for my part she is my kinswoman, I would not as they tearme it praise her, but I would som-body had heard her talke yester-day as I did, I will not dispraise your sister *Cassandras* wit, but------

Troy. Oh *Pandarus* I tell thee *Pandarus*,
When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drown'd
Reply not in how many fadomes deepe,
They lie indrench'd; I tell thee I am madde:
In *Cressids* loue? thou answerst she is faire,
Powrest in the open vlcer of my heart:
Her eyes, her haire her cheeke, her gate, her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse: O that her hand
In whose comparison all whites are ynke
Writing their owne reproch; to whose soft seisure,
The cignets downe is harsh, and spirit of sence:
Hard as the palme of plow-man; this thou telst me,
As true thou telst me when I say I loue her,
But saying thus in steed of oyle and balme,
Thou layst in every gash that loue hath giuen mee
The knife that made it.

Pan: I speake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou dost not speake so much.

Pan: Faith Ile not meddle in it, let her bee as shee is, if she bee faire tis the better for her, and shee bee not, she has the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus*, how now *Pandarus*?

Pan: I haue had my labour for my trauell, ill thought on of her, and ill thought of you, gon betweene and betweene, but small thanks for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan.

Pan. Because shee's kin to me therefore shee's not so faire as *Hellen*, and she were kin to me, she would be as faire a Friday as *Hellen*, is on Sunday, but what I? I care not and shee were a blackeamore, tis all one to mee.

Troy. Say I she is not faire?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no, she's a foole to stay behinde her father let her to the Greekes, and so Ile tell her the next time I see her for my part Ile meddle nor make no more ith'matter.

Troy. Pandarus. *Pan.* Not I.

Troy. Sweete *Pandarus.*

Pan. Pray you speake no more to mee I will leaue all as I found it and there an end. *Exit.*

Sound alarum.

Troy. Peace you vngracious clamors, peace rude sounds,
Fooles on both sides, *Hellen* must needes be faire,
When with your bloud you daylie paint her thus,
I cannot fight vpon this argument:
It is too staru'd a subiect for my sword,
But *Pandarus*: O gods! how do you plague me
I cannot come to *Cressid* but by *Pandar*,
And he's as teachy to be wood to woe,
As she is stubborne, chast, against all suite.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* loue
What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India* there she lies, a pearle,
Betweene our Ilium, and where shee resides
Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood:
Our selfe the Marchant, and this sayling *Pandar*,
Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our barke.

Alarum *Enter Æneas.*

Æne. How now prince *Troylus*, wherefore not a field.

Troy. Because not there; this womans answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What newes *Æneas* from the field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home and hurt.

Troy. By whom *Æneas*?

Æne. *Troylus* by *Menelaus.*